SWEETBRIAR.

From All The Year Round. A branch of sweetbriar—Ah, my heart!
The tender tears unbidden start
To weary, world-worn eyes;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green! She loved it more
Than many-tinted bloom;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
It clings about her tomb.

My little love in days of old ! Youth's morning-hour of rose and gold
Comes back to me to-mght;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
Her childish robe of white. I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,

I smell the sarden where we stand
Upon a southern shore.
I hear the ruppling streamlet fail.
I hear her laughter musical.
Now silenced evermore.

She was too frail for earth's employ, Too caim and pure for human joy, But like the sweetbriar green, The memory of her gentle life Makes sweet the years of worldly strife That he our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love, My life below, thy life above, God's love shall reunite:
I kiss the they faded spray,
My sweetbriar graces far away,
The land of pure delight!

BROWN'S WIFE; OR, THE COST OF THE CENSUS.

'Iwo thousand a year, a nice house and garden, and torcing pi's that produced the finest pines in England—that's what the last census but one cost me, remarked my friend-Brown, as we sat sipping our wine in his hospitable mansion after the ladies

When a man makes a remark like the foregoing

worse, the landlady and servant were out, she was laid let us.

When a man makes a remark like the foregoin one, it invariably means that he has some story or aneedote ready, watch will explain his apparently ambiguous words, and is hopida he will be asked to repeat it. I was not so unricently as to misuadorstand the hint, and inquired, with due surprise and interest, how the census of 1s—came to be such a costly affair to Brown.

"Ah" replied my friend, that's a long story! (I had thought it would be; i' but it's a true one, all the same. But for that blessed census paper, Minnie and I would have stepped into a sing little fortune twenty years ago. You know, I suppose, that I was left an orphan very early in life, and that my old uncle, my only surviving relative, adopted me. You hope or mother was my uncless only sister; they had been left fairly well off by their parents. My uncle embarked his money in business, and grew rich, my mother married in opposition to his wishes, lived a miserable life for six vears, and then was left an pennies widow, with one child—my said type if should say greatly induced by insufficient mourishment. The content of the content of the provery were so common his every bad to break his wife s here also had a way her fortune—she early encapsed that my unclessed on the contessed that my unclessed that my unclessed the contessed that my unclessed to break his wife s here also here guardian and the contessed that my unclesses with the contessed that my unclesses were not encouraging; perhaps this was the reason to the contessed that my unclesses were not encouraging; perhaps this was the reason them—and he had been her guardian and trofector thin the day of her ill-started marriage. That produced a coolness; but he opened his section here of her or produced the charge of her or plan child. I was brought up in his house, elucated at his expense. I believe he was really found of me after his hashion; but the one great trouble of his life had sourced him. He never recovered the loss of h

"Marriage, in the abstract, became abhorrent to him andit was always with a tone of testy vexaminating tone of them stronged and the spele of instrinction anding tone of them selves by entering into the in his sing house of the land of the comment of the land of the control of the land of the control of the land of t

leans belower so crosses of my unteles closelated as was a dread lest, if I were thought well-to-do, some matrimonals issue might be laid for me. "You'll have everything here one day, William," he would say in noment's of rare expansion, "and hope you'll keep things together as I've done that remember now thanks mothers lot; why, if the mother is the matrix thrown herself away she might have been airly and in papy now. None but 1000, say, to be a start of the matrix thrown herself away she might have been airly and in papy now. None but 1000, say, to be stand a connection" took a fair page to express the stand of the matrix of two of my meles, generally color, and the matrix of two of my meles, generally color, the misself almost a hady and my house the law of the misself and interest a time of ever in the misself away she might have been airly beautiful an instress at the Lawn. Mrs. Corbet had a good situation and she knew it. She had lived with my mice a great many years, and was a hadeone, while preserved woman of hiry mines and misortime to her had he been converted iron in soil-matriman of her; I had not. From my childsh days I knew she had regarded me with jealony and aversion, aithough concealed under a studies smoothness of manner. My uncle almost a hady in amon of her; I had not. From my childsh days I knew she had regarded me with jealony and aversion, aithough concealed under a studies smoothness of manner. My uncle almost a hady in amon of her; I had not. From my childsh days I knew she had regarded me with jealony and aversion, aithough concealed under a studies smoothness of manner. My uncle and miscendin his work of the manner of the world hady in a my order of the manner of the world hady in a my order of the manner of the world hady in a my order of the manner of the world hady in a my order of the manner of the world hady in a my order of the manner of the world hady in the world of ever in the world of the manner of the world of the manner of the world of the manner of the world of the manner

and found antisement tor my leasure hours, and found antisement tor my leasure hours, and found antisement tor my leasure hours. Periago a tinge of my uncle's unsociableness ran in the immity, for I never thought my rather solitary chateness disagreenable. I had no lutroscations in London; and although I got on terms of acquaintancessip with some of my fellow cierks, our intimacy was confined to a walk or a visit to the theatre in company. I never visited at their somes, nor, indeed, cared to do so. I was found to read my fire at Isington was at least a far livelier one than my previous existence at Claphan had been.

But when I was just twenty-five, a new erapened in my life at Isington was at least a far livelier one than my previous existence at Claphan had been.

But when I was just twenty-five, a new erapened in my life, it began in a very common-place fashion; some new lodgers came into the froms over mine. I think I should have hardly abserved this fact had not their predecessor been a doisy medical student; and the bisseful full that look place after his departure induced me to impulse and my rest, if the up-stairs tooms were now tenanted at all. Yes, they were; a whole had a distribution of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy students hat eat in high; and what had a the my of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy students hat eat in the rest of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy students hat eat in the rest of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy students hat eat in the rest of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy students hat eat in the rest of the new ledgers and the rest of the new ledgers of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy students hat eat in high; and then I though no have of the new ledgers. But after that day I would not bring home a party of noisy when I pan uly acceptable when asked for.

'I had plenty of work in Messrs, Hardie's office

manner that checked any attempt at turther acquaintanceship. "Quite the ladies, and hold themselves rather high," my landlady informed me, "aithough they went out teaching. Mrs. Morten was a dergymin's widow, and obligated to do something for herself. Very regular with their rent, like yourself sir."

'I cannot trace how that casual meeting with my fellow lodgers grew to be a feature in my day's engagements; but, although our greeting was a sient one, I should have been sorry somehow had I gone out too; early or too late to encounter those black-veiled figures. I was sue they were very poor; neatly as they were ilways dressed, I could see their garments were well-worn, and they worked very hard. They often came home later than I did from business; and sometimes, when I was returning from the rare dissipation of a visit to the theatre, I could see the light still burning in the sitting room above mine. My garrulous landlady informed me that the ladies "did a sight of writing" when they were at home; whence I inferred that they occupied themselves either with copying of some such employment in their lesure time. Thus passed some months; then came a change; only the younger lany went out daily. After observing this I inquired of the landlady if Mrs. Morten were judisposed. Yes, the poor lady was "queerish," and miss had persuaded her to keep it home for a day or two. Meeting Miss Morten on the stairs next day, I ventured to inquire after her mother, and was answered gently and courteously, but not in a manner that encouraged further advances. My fellow lodgers were decidedly reserved. However, having broken the ice, I regularly inquired after the sick lady every time I met the younger one, and was surprised to find how the sweet showing themselves in the daughter's face, and my landlady told me that she thought Miss Morten of the words when proposed in the radie and my landlady told me that she thought Miss Morten day in the proposed of the landlady in the analysing the landlady and servery time. I meet the younge

stoerage passage to Australia. Stay in England and—marry ne."
Of course it was a foolish business. I always acknowledge that, though neither of us ever regietted it for a second alterward. It seems like a bad moral to our imprudence that our marriage should have been such an exceptionally happy one; but there—so it was. After all, we had seen a great deal of each other during those weeks of Mrs. Morten's lithess, and had grown more intimately acquainted with each other's character and disposition in this intercourse than we could have done during a whole London season's parties. It was seeing the deep unselfish affection that existed between Minnie and her mother that first opened my eyes to the loneliness of my own lot. No one had ever loved me after this manner. My uncle had conferred benefits on me, but I could never recall hearing an endearing word from his hips, nor observed him to show a symptom of affection for me. Had he done so, I might have acced more openly toward him; but he had never cared to win my confidence, and I therefore had less scruple in withholding it.

"We were married quietly, about a month after

far above rubies in my wife—my cup of happiness seemed indeed full. But in this workaday world sordid and commonplace considerations insist of being taken into account, and, wonderful house-keeper as Minnie was, she could not succeed in making the income that safficed for one person prove equally satisfactory for two. At first she had insisted sorely against my wish) in continuing some portion of her daily tuition, but circumstances now obliged her to give this up entirely. We had been married six months, and there was a prospect of our happiness—and our expenses—being by and by increased. Minnie was in delicate health, and the idea of our marriage being still a secret one seemed to prey on her mind. We were deceiving my mucle, she persisted; it was not honest; and though my affection for my uncle was not so vivid as to make me equally sensitive on this point, I felt that, with the expected increase in our expenses. I ought to endeavor to earn more. Uncle John might, if he chose to use his influence among his city firends, easily procure me a far better situation than I now held; but then, would he choose when he knew of the crime I had committed.

I did not despair; all my life hitherto I had been obedient to his wishes; he had never paid a bell for me, nor received a complaint from an employer: surely he might overlook the one instance in which I had run counter to his will, especially when he heard all the circumstances and saw Minnie. I had worked myself into quite a sangaine frame of mind, when I one day received a summons to Clapham. Uncle John rairely wrote letters, but he now sent a brief line inviting, or rather requiring (Uncle Johns invitations were always of a peremptory character, me to stay with him for a week or so, as he was laid up with the gout, and dull. I could go to and fro to my work; he only wanted me to play cribbage in the evening. I did not like the idea of heaving Minnie, but the invitation could not be refused; besides, it oftered a good opportunity for telling my secret. Uncle John

speak out boldly to my uncle and end this wretened state of suspense.

Fate was about unexpectedly to grant my wish. The census paper had arrived, and Mrs. Corbet one day reminded my made that it would be called for that morning, and was not yet filled up. It was one of Uncle John's worst days: the gout was in his right hand, and he could not write. I was summoned to act as secretary: my uncle was to fill up the paper under his eye, to make sure I committed no blunders, and was einborately instructed where to write, etc. Alas, the first glance at that fatil paper facut my jwits astray! Not alone did a prying Government desire to know the age and sex of its subjects; they must also reveal if they were married or single! And I was to fill this up at my Uncle John's elbow! With a vain attempt to put off the evit day I wrote the required particulars regarding Uncle John and Mrs. Corbet as slowly as possible, and then paused.

possible, and then paused.

"Hadn't I better put down the servants' names next." I asked feebly.

"Servants! Pshaw! put yourself next."

"But I ought to nil up the census in London." I urged, with sudden hope. "This is not my actual boxes."

to you at once," Mrs. Corlect interrupted my reflections.

'There was a look of malicious triumph in her face that alarmed me. I threw away my cigar and followed her in trepidation. Yes, my worst fears were realized; there sat my uncle, almost speechless with rage, the fatal census paper open before him, demanding in a choking voice the meaning of "this—this disgraceful statement!"

'I shall always think Mrs. Corbet had suspected my secret. Perhaps she had friends in London who knew of my marriage. Anyway, it was at her suggestion that the messenger was recalled before he got clear of the garden to enable my uncle to make sure I had filled up the paper properly. Thus the secret was disclosed.

'I need not dwell on the scene that followed. Another hour saw me on my road homewards, no longer oppressed by a secret, certainly, but at the same time devoid of all further expectations from Uncle John. I never saw him again. Next day came a parcel centaining all the small personal possessions I had left at Claphan, also a cheque for nity pounds in a blank envelope, and this closed my intercourse with my uncle.

'I did not accept my banishment without a struggle. I wrote, Minnie wrote; our letters were returned to us unopened. Then I tried calling in person at the house, but could not get admittance; my uncle was not well enough to teceive visitors.

'Three months afterward I saw the amouncement of his death in The Times, and received a formal invitation to the funeral from the family solicitor. I went, and remained to hear the will read; as I expected, my name was not mentioned. The document dated the day after the filling up of that fatal census bequeathed everything unreservedly to his faithful and attached friend and house-keeper, Mary Corlect.

'Many people advised me to dispute the will on

fatal census bequeathed everything increservedly to his faithful and attached friend and house-keeper, Mary Corbet.

'Many people advised me to dispute the will on the ground of "undue influence;" but I was too poor to embark in a costly lawsuit; and besides, my uncle's prejudice against marriage was so well known, that it could not be denied that I had wounded him in his tenderest point by marrying Minnie, and might have expected to be disinherited in consequence. Old Mr. Williams, the solicitor, told me that he had often tried to put in a good word for me during my uncle's illness; but Mrs. Corbet watched him so closely that it was impossible to speak to him in private, and of course her influence was all against my interests.

'Fifty thousand pounds and the house and grounds was a good feal to lose; but a Chancery suit is a terrible thing for a poor man to embark upon, and there seemed great doubt if I should succeed in gaining a verdiet after all. So I decided to let Mrs. Corbet rotain her ill-gotten spoils. They did her very little good after all; her worthless son ran through her money, and went to the dogs a good deal faster as a rich man than he was doing as a poor one. I don't know what became of him at last; Mrs. Corbet died, a poor woman, about six years ago. She left Minnie a little piate and jewelry, all that remained of Uncle John's things. I suppose her conscience was not quite casy about that will.

'And how did we get on! Well, that fifty prounds tided us over the terrible time when Min-

suppose her conscience was hot quite easy about that will.

'And how sid we get on? Well, that fifty pounds tided us over the terrible time when Minnie's life hung on a thread, and I thought I was to buy my boy wish the loss of my wife. When Minnie got strong again, and the baby was flourishing, we were both too happy to trouble much about Uncle John's money. Then I began to work in carnest, as I had never done before. Just at that time Mesars, Hardie wanted to send a clerk abroad on some rather difficult and delicate business. They offered me the work. I was fortunate enough to execute it to their entire satisfaction, and on my return was promoted to a higher post and a better salary.

We had a struggle for some years, but altogether we prospered. I rose at Messrs, Hardle's; Minnie was the queen of good managers. I don't know, taking everything into consideration, that Uncle John's money would have made us much happier.

'After we had been married some years and were getting on tolerably in the world, Minnie's long-lost uncle came back from Australia a rich man. He was so pleased to find us doing well, and not wanting lany assistance from him, that he left us a sinug little legacy when he died that just enabled

me to purchase a partner's share in my employers' business; and, as you see, if we're not actually rich now, we're not in poverty. Still, I shall always say the census cost me lifty thousand pounds.' " "Or rather, Mrs. Brown did," I remarked slyly. "Ah," said Brown, with a softening light on his good-humored middle-aged face, " in that case I got full value for my money." "—Tinsley's Magazine.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AND HIS WAYS

From The Pen.

He is of purely Italian blood and nationality; the English expression of his genius is due entirely to his family transplantation into English soil. His father was an original poet, and perhaps the lass of the Improvvisatori, as well as a famous student of Dante. He took a part in the politics of Italy in troublous times, his opinions on all points being Liberal in the extreme. Coming to England, he was Professor of Italian at King's College, where both his sons were concated. The two sons and two daughters whom he has left all proved the children of his mind; the chiest wonderfully concentrated in himself the family genius, nevertheless Miss Christina Rossetti, the quaint, spiritual and gently emotional poetess, is probably even more popular From The Pen. in himself the family genius, nevertheless Miss Christina Rossetti, the quaint, spiritual and gently emotional poetess, is probably even more popular than he, while Mr. William Rossetti's industry as a critic has gained him distinction, and Maria Fran-cesca Rossetti, the other dister, who died a few years ago, produced "Tha Shadow of Dante," an unpre-tentions work, remarkable for its devoutness and for touches of that quality which we have called

intimacy.

Close friends bave borne Mr. Dante Rossetti company in his partial seclusion: to these he has been a frank speaker, a naif critic, even a humorist, and in some sort a man of the world. It was at the period of his life most busy artistically that he collected the splendid set of china which led the fashion of "blue" in London. After six days' devotion to his simile he was wont to devote a seventh to the search for the beautifut smoog the curiosity shops of London Not in fashions only, but in weighter matters, he has proved himself master of a decisive initiative. Very few of the admirers of Mr. Burney Jones know that it was owing to Mr. Rossettl's generous enthusiasm over the early works of that artist that he forsook divinity his first attraction) for art. Mr. Morris also owes to the same directing voice his selection of a certain path in poetry and art. Mr. Swinburne called him master, and the achievements of this pupil evoked from the elder poet a pun which, as it is a good one, we must agree to pardon. "There is no doubt," said Mr. Rossetti, "that Swinburne is a born poet—poeta masciar, but anfortmately in his case, nos fit for publication."

Mr. Rossetti is rapid in composition as in painting, and more prolific than the world knows, having by him a store of unpublished poems. He corrects little and at long intervals, and loves to compose out of doors, having written many of his poems to the accompanying music of a weir. He is also a rapid and annusing letter-writer, and has a quick wit and faculty of illustration. It may be added that in fiction his favorite author is Dumas the eider. ntimacy. Close friends bave borne Mr. Dante Rossetti com

THE SONG OF THE BOWL.

Seamen three! What men be vo? Gotham's three wise men we be. Whither in your bowl so free? To rake the moon from out the sea.

The howl goes from. The moon doth shine;
And our ballast is old wine.
And your ballast is old wine.
Who art thon so fast adritt f
I am he they call Old Care;
Then on board we will thee lift.
No; I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?

And your ballast is old wine. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

EXTEMPORISING IN THE PULPIT.

the organ was maying and the people singing be leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over, he announced the missing link. "But," said he, "Is not that singular!" and he proceeded to show how it was that he had lost it, and how he found it—proceeded, in a really enchanting way to talk upon the law of association of ideas and the mysiery and marvels of retentiveness and memory as proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, until the time was gone, and we really had no more of the sermon after all.

A similar anecelste has often been told of the late. Thomas Bunney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his inter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker. It was arged, "Oh come and preach such and such a serment; that is ready to your mind!"

And so Mr. Hinney promised that he would take the service; but he also, having got through two heads of the discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly—thirdly—I've forgot what was thirdly?" he said, and he looked over the pulpit to where Dr. Harris was sitting, "Brother Harris, what was thirdly?" Harris looked up and said. "So and so." "Exactly," said the discounsted preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.

THE BARON DE ST. CRIQ AT BREBANT'S.

THE BARON DE ST. CRIQ AT BREBANT'S.

Prom The Whitshall Review.

Dining one ovening at Brebant's in the grand salon, after the roast he ordered a salad of chiccory, at the same time remarking that he wished to make the salad himself. The water immediately brought the necessary ingredients but, the Baron, tasting the oil found it too strong, and, smelling the vinegar, declared it to be too weak. The waiter immediately changed these unjustly condemned codiments for the very finest oil frozen in midsummer and the most biting ylnegar come direct from Orleans. The Baron smied contentedly, and, observing that the salt was not white enough and the pepper not sufficiently fresh, ordered that these should be replaced by superior articles likewise. When this had been done he began to mix his salad with great care. When this delicate operation had been performed he asked the garyon, with a sweet and bewitching smite: "But the chapon, where is the chapon!" The waiter thereupon had a most perfect chapon prepared with the greatest care, and brought it respectfully to M. le Baron on a salver. The Baron put it carefully in his salad, burned it about several thack then took the salad bowl with both hands, raised it from the table, and, turning it over gravely, placed it on his head. Naturally the salad dressing fell all over his shoulders and shirt, and nothing but the chiecory remained on his bald knowledge-box. Having performed this extraor-amary feat, the Baron carefully removed the salad bowl from his head, keeping the chiecory in place with his hand, gravely put his, hat on over all, paid, and left in the most solenn and majestic manner. The poor man sets quite mad, and every evening intending indulged in some equally eccentric fancy.

A dish to be had in perfection at Brebant's is the lobster a Pamericaine an fer ecernel, but as this necessitates the cutting up of the lobster alive, many of our fair readers will shrink from ordering it, and thus pass on to the grave ignorant of one of the great-st joys of life. But our re

SYDNEY SMITH,

From The London Globe.

Though he moved for years in the most brilliant society, it never seemed to spoil him, or make him worldly. He loved to allude to those past days of his poverty, to that Yorkshire Hving so far out of all society "that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon." There it was that he had once to receive a great lady, and himself humorously described the preparations he made for the event. He hung paper lanterns on the evergreens, and hid a couple of jackasses with antiers tied on to represent deer in the adjacent paddock. Once there was a great account of his family in a newspaper. He was represented as a man of high grade in society. He saw the notice, and commented upon it. "We are not," he said, "great people at all; we are common, honest people; people that pay our bills!" The Court Circular exercised no evil influence over him. Other literary men who have been been "taken up by society" have suffered from the patronage. It did not harm him. He was always perfectly natural, and had no desire to drop old

friends, or hide passages in his early life. The "Smythes," he said to a compiler of a County History, who had asked him what the family arms were—"The Smythes never had any arms, but have always sealed their letters with their thumbs."

With Sydney Smith it has happened, as with other wits, that the fame of his sayings has overshadowed the reputation of his writings. The Editburgh Review's comparatively forgotten in the hamorist, whose wit glauced but never wounded, whose geniality was always on the side of truth, who made no enemies and who lost no friends. The two volumes which contain his "works" are now almost forgotten, white his table-talk is as fresh as the day when it delighted Tom Moore, or set Sir James Mackintosh in a roar at the caricature of himself.

Perhaps the most memorable event of his life was the founding of that Edinburgh Review which was to be the means of introducing so many eminent names into literature. Lord Jeffrey was even in early life a great friend of Sydney Santh's, and was then more clevated in his residence than in his rank. His rooms were on the ninth story of a house in Buccleuch-place, and it was there one night that it was arranged amongst the friends to start a new Review. Most of the contributors were Scatchmen, and nearly all of them were poor. Sydney Smith on the suggested that the motto of the new issue should be the line

"Tenul musam meditamn: werna," We cultivate literature upon a little oatmen." Perhaps the

"Tenul musam meditamur avena,"
which he proposed to translate, "We cultivate
literature upon a little oatmeai." Perhaps the
Scotchmen did not see the fun, or perhaps the
oke was a little too near the truth. The motto
was rejected, but Sydney Smith was appointed editor, and, as a matter of fact, did edit the first number of the magazine, to which for many years he
was a varied and vigorous contributor.

internare upon a little oatmeai." Perhaps the Scotemen du not see the fau, or perhaps the was rejected, but sythey smith was appointed editor, and, as a matter of fact, did edit the first another was a virted and international to the same a period of the many spears be was a virted and international to the same a lever treated.

AN ASTIETEU CEA.

Let it not be many level.

Let it not be many level.

Let it not be many level and the same a lever treated, a futtle hot where, and some teacups. It is a far more seared affair—a kind of agaps, or love feat. It is given the content would break the mange circle. The rooms are always sinced. Sweet seems, also, must pervade the content would break the mange circle. The rooms are always sinced. Sweet seems, also, must pervade the content would break the mange circle. The rooms are always sinced. Sweet seems, also, must pervade the content would break the mange circle. The rooms are always sinced. Sweet seems, also, must pervade the content would break the mange circle. The rooms are always sinced. Sweet seems, also, must pervade the content would break the mange circle. The rooms are always sinced a Sweet seems, also, must pervade the content of the seems of the seems

bottle ten feet high, made of beer bottles strung upon wires; this is labelled: "The last of the spirits."

We were walking along by the greenhouses admiring the flowers and beautiful lawns, when the owner himself saddenly appeared. Marching up to one of the young ladles of the party, he seized her by the arm, and, exclaiming in gruff tones, "What are you walking in the reath for f why don't you walk there, where you belong?" he thrust her over on to the carefully-trimmed grass. A few years ago some South Carolina companies came on to Boston to attend a celebration there. Mr. Baker entertained them and the Boston companies one day, and one of the exercises which from his position as host, he insisted upon was that the officers from the North and the South should stake hands across a small cannon that stood on the terrace. The proof of reconciliation was performed with all proper ceremony, to his entire satisfaction.

In the grove his fancy has been given full play. This is a piace of practical jokes. The paths are full of springs and traps to startle the unsuspecting visitor. As you cross a dark chasm on a narrow bridge, suddenly there springs upon you from behind the rocks a savage-looking negro with a chabbrandished above his head, and it is only after you have got done screaming (if you are a woman) that you perceive that the man is standing too still for a wond-be assailant, and then, upon investigation, you discover that it is a wooden figure called into view by your foot having pressed unawares a secret spring in the flooring. "The demoniacal cerens blooms every ten minutes on sunny days," is a notice which starces at you from the side of a box containing an ordinary-looking cactus plant. Naturally you sit down upon the seat before it to await the phenomenon, but with your weight the seat sinks and you find yourself prostrated before a red devil which has suddenly risen from the earth with the cactus upon a spring-supported platform which had been deftly hidden from view. Mr. Baker's ambition seems to hav

WHERE HENRY FIELDING LIVED.

From The Pen. Where Henry Fielding lived when, rushing from Leyden upon London, he stood "This way and that dividing the swift mind"

"This way and that dividing the swift mind" between the profession of a hackney writer and a hackney conclinant, is a question that would be somewhat difficult to answer. Where did needy men of letters live in those days? Felding's lot was probably no better than that of the rest. He was absolutely without means. His father, General Fleiding, had married again, and his allowance had never been paid. He had rich friends, it is true—he had been at Eton with great men, and he had a fine-lady cousin at Twickenham; but he could not always be during with Lyttleton, or visiting Lady Montagu. His place of residence—as, indeed, he praetically admits in his rhymed address to Sir Robert Walpole in 1730—was doubtless some obscure lodging, not unknown of duns, and used by its tenant for little more than a den or sleeping place.

by its tenant for little more than a den or sleeping place.

What his daily haunts were in his capacity of playwright and "poor-devil author" may be easily conjectured. He was familiar with the green-rooms of Drury Lane and the Haymarket, and the booths of Bartholomew Fair. Covent Garden knew him, and the coffee-houses; the ordinaries in Clare Market, and the cook-shops in "Porridge Island." Whatever the fare was, he took it contentedly. Was clared not to be had, then he fell cheerfully to "British Burgundy," puffing away the jade Fortune in a cloud of tobacco smoke, "When he had contracted to bring on a play or a farce," says Arthur Murphy, "it is well known by mazy of his friends now living, that he would go home rather late from a tavern, and would the next morning deliver a scene to the players, written upon the papers in which he had wrapped the tobacco in which he so much delighted."

Such was his life until 1735. In that year he married Miss Charlotte Cradock, "a Salsbury beauty,"—the "Celia" of his love-verses, and the "Amelia" of his latest novel. And here we come

to his first definite abode. The lady had a fortune of \$7,500, and Fielding himself had come into a house and small estate at East Stour, in Dorset-shire. Thereupon he resolved to bid farewell to

"All coffee-bouses and their praters.
All course of justice and debaters;
All taverns and the sors within 'em;
All bubbles and the rogues that skin 'em;"

and, in eighteenth century phrase, "commenced country gentleman," setting up a magnificent establishment of horses and hounds, and flunkies in yellow plush. Tel mailre, tel calet. Between the profuse hospitality of the squire, and the careless extravagance of the servants, the brief sojourn at East Stour came to a sudden termination. Felding returned to London within a twelvemonth, and the house presumably was let.

BUSINESS LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

By Professor C. G. Herbermann.

Of manufactories on a large scale there were few in Rome, though some of the most prominent nobles owned factories in Italy and the provinces. Even the Emperors did not disdain to be interested in ventures of this kind. M. Anrelius inherited from his mother immense brick-factories; and even now bricks are found bearing the name of Cu. Domitius Tulius, the Emperor's great-grandfather by adoption. Another Emperor, Pertinax, for three years conducted a felt factory in Liguria. As Senators were forbidden to engage in trade, the future Emperor had recourse to the usual expedient to baffle the law. He set up in business trusty freedmen and slaves who disposed of his manufactures. Other Senators owned potteries or worked mues and quarries. By Professor C. G. Herbermann.

Wellesley (Mass.) Letter to The Philadelphia Press.

From the windows of the stable, as you approach, are seen pretruding horses' heads, but on a close examination they prove to be only very clever wooden impatitions of horses.

But most enrious, and at the same time most characteristic, are the den of Fancies' and Frivoities and the grove. In the former, which is not a den, but a necky stip of land along the lake, the trees are trained into fantastic forms, and are clothed or painted so as to represent men and animals in ridiculous positions. In every rock you see some starting face or form. Upon the brow of a hid stands, as a warning to those who fill high their bomps as hinge representation of a himan figure; the body is a hogshead, to which are attached head, arms and legs, and which is painted to represent a man fairty bursting under his accamulated weight of desh. Sometimes inscriptions are placed upon the figures. For instance, in one place is a whiskey bottic ten feet high, made of beer bottles strugg upon wires; this is labelled: "The last of the spirits."

We were walking along by the greenhouses, admiring the flowers and beautiful lawns, when the owner is flowers and beautiful lawns, when the owner is flowers and beautiful lawns, when the owner is most flower and beautiful lawns, when the owner is most flower and beautiful lawns, when the owner is most flower and beautiful lawns, when the owner is most flower and the south should shake hande across a grown to the carefully-trimmed grass. A few years are you walking in the path for? Why don't you walking in the path for? Why don't you walk there, where you belong?" he thrust her over on to the carefully-trimmed grass. A few years ago some South Carolina commanies came on to Boston to not tend a celebration there. Mr. Baker entering the condition was performed with all proper corrected them and the Boston companies one day, and one of the extenses which, from his position as host, he insisted unon was that the officers from the single source for the ca

rejoicing.

The Roman tradesman was an object of the wealthier classes, and the butt The Roman tradesman was an object of scorn to the wealthier classes, and the butt of their jokes. He was charged with ignorance, knavery and filthy habits. The fishmongers were tainsted with whom their nesses on their sleeves, and the tainners represented for finding no offensive smell in the meney which they earned by their unsavory industry. No doubt there was some truth in these accusations. Still, all the mechanics of the Seven Hills were far from being unlearned; some evidently relished poetry, for on the walls of their shops, lines from Virgil, Ovid and other poets are found by the modern explorer.

For the most part, the shops adjoined the dwellings, and men of the same trade often dwelt next to each other in the same street.

VERY LONG AGO.

Listening in the twilight, very long ago, To a sweet voice singing, very soft and low, Was the song a ballad of a lady bright Saved from deadly peril by a gallant knight ! Or a song of battle and a flying foe !

Nay, I have forgotten-the so fong ago, Scarcely half-remembered, more than half for f can only tell you what the song was not.

Memory unfaithful has not kept that strain, Heard once in the twilight—never heard again, Every day brings twillight, but no twillight brings To my ear that music on such quiet wings.

After Antumn sunsets, in the dreaming light, When long Summer evenings deepen into night, All that I am sure of is that, long ago, Some one sang at twilight very sweet and low, Unknown.

From a Teacher's Letter in The Advance.

Probably about one-third of the children are of Protestant parents and the others mearly equally divided between Mormons and Catholics. The poor little Mormons have the interfry of their fathers visited upon them in the tannes of the other children. Sometimes they reply, "Well, my mother was the first wife anyhow."

Sometimes they come to me almost broken-hearted, crying, "Miss Lawson, it isn't my fault that I'm a Mormon," I was talking with one of my oldest scholars about her home in Southern Utah, and asked her how many brothers and sisters she had; she answered. "Twenty-five." Our man here has forty-four children, most of them living. Those who attend school are among the best scholars. One of his wives says all she wants to live for its to keep her daughters out of polygamy. She has two lovely little girls. The children talk and play a great deal about getting married. One boy about ten dears old told me he wanted more than anything clast to get married and have a good home.

When school commenced uot one of the children could repeat the Lord's Frayer, much less the Ten Commandments. The "old, old story" is new to them. I asked my Sunday-achool class of large boys the meaning of "Hallowed," as used in the Lord's Prayer. They all thought it means swearing. When I remembered they never heard the name in any other way it did not seem so stringe. Last Sabbath the class thought Gethsemane was a city, and not one could tell which disciple betrayed his Master.